It issues from ye rancour of a villaine,
A recreant, and most degenerate Traytor
Which in my selfe I boldly will defie
And interchangeably hurle downe my gage
Upon thy overweening Traitors foot,
To prove myself a loyall Gentleman
Even in the best blood chambered in his
In haste whereof most heartily I pray
Your Highnesse to assigne our tryall day
King: Wrath kindled Gentlemen be not
Lets purge this choller without letting
This we prescribe, though no Physitian
Deepe malice makes too deepe incision
Forget forgive, conclude, and be agree
Our Doctors say, this is no time to bleed
Good Uncle, let this end where it begun
We'l calme the Duke of Norfolke, you your

Gaunt: To be a makepeace shall become my age
Throw downe (my Sonne) the Duke of Norfolkes gage.
King: And Norfolke, throw downe his.
Gaunt. When Harry when? Obedience bids,
Obedience bids, I should not bid agen.
King. Norfolke throwe downe, we bid; there is no boote
Now: Myselfe I throw (dread Soveraigne) at thy foot
My life thou shalt command, but not my shame,
The one my duty owes, but my faire name
Despight of death that lives upon my grave
To darke dishonour use, thou shalt not have

(End of 8th page)

I am disgraced, impeached & baffled here,
Pierced to the Soule with slanders venomd spear
The which no balme can cure, but his heart blood
Which breath'd this poyson.

King.